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WALTHAM HIGH SCHOOL, WALTHAM, MASS.

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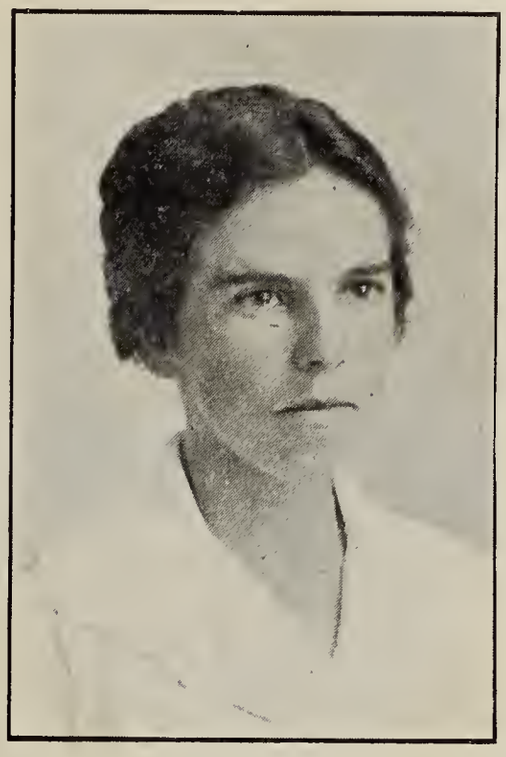
Salutatory

GLADYS ORR

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

WE ARE gathered here this evening, as has been the custom in former years, to observe the graduating exercises of the class of nineteen hundred and sixteen; the class extends to you a most cordial invitation to participate in the joy and happiness of the occasion. We hope it will be a pleasure to all, especially to the graduating class who, after these years of perseverance and study, are to pass from the High School. Some will pursue their studies further, while others will enter into the activities of the world in general.



But whatever our pursuits in life may be, there are many ways by which we may retain and enlarge our education. The public libraries, the daily press, and a general observation of what is going on in the world around us will tend to increase and multiply our knowledge. The lessons we may gain from these different sources will depend a great deal on the way in which we apply the education which we have received in the public schools. Our motives may be entirely selfish and grasping, even though legitimate; or we may be broad-minded and charitable, striving always to promote the principles of justice and righteousness, so that these uprisings, wars, and turmoils "may speedily pass away," and happiness may reign with "peace on earth, good will to men."

There is an old saying that the pen is mightier than the sword, but is it not the power that guides their wielding that makes either one effective? The sword under the direction of a Napoleon stamps its message of might; the pen guided by the mind of a Shakespeare leaves an inspiration which is ever new.

Shakespeare died many years ago, yet his writings are still classed among the greatest of literary productions, and exert a mighty influence over the minds of men and women all over the civilized world. This is shown by the fact that this year we celebrated the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death. In many cities of the United States there have been Shakespearean plays acted in honor of his anniversary. England has boasted that she would give up her Indian possessions, which were gained by the sword, rather than Shakespeare, emblem of the pen, who binds the Anglo-Saxon race more strongly together than any sword ever did. Carlyle has said that the "Indian Empire will go, at any rate, some day; but this Shakespeare does not go, he lasts forever with us; we cannot give up our Shakespeare." What military or naval hero has ever been so universally celebrated as Shakespeare has been this year? Even Germany with her "Hymn of Hate" would not give up Shakespeare or his plays. Germany's people would starve rather than re-

ceive bread from England; but they love the English Shakespeare, for in Germany more of his plays are acted than in any other country.

At this time I consider it a duty and a privilege to make some mention of those who have performed so large a part in our education. Doubtless you all know to whom I refer: the teachers. To them we owe a debt of honor and gratitude for their patience, perseverance, and sacrifice. At times we may have thought them severe and exacting, but now we realize that it was for our good, and we appreciate their efforts in performing such a duty. Undoubtedly, were it not for their efforts, now that our career in the public schools is at an end, we could not carry with us such pleasant memories of the days there spent.

Diploma List, 1916

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Valedictory

MARGARET PERRY

Ladies and Gentlemen:

TONIGHT we pause a moment for a glance into the past and the future, and to ask ourselves what in life is really worth while. "The worldly hope men set their hearts upon, Turns ashes—or it prospers; and anon, Like snow upon the desert's dusty face, Lighting a little hour or two—is gone." This is just as true now as when Omar wrote it eight hundred years ago. The individual or nation that works for material prosperity alone is building on sand. We have an example of this in the war that is now going on.

It is true that Germany has developed the greatest efficiency that the world has ever seen or may ever see again: the "Kultur" that has been her watchword for so many years. But the individual has been sacrificed to the State. Germany is one big, efficient machine in which the government does the thinking. Our government is made by and for the individual; theirs thinks only of what is good for the State, what will bring greater efficiency. In the Fatherland efficiency is attained through a multitude of laws which tell the people what they may or must do and what they may not or must not do. And here we can learn a lesson: the laws are obeyed. All over Germany are little signs which read "Verboden" (meaning "Forbidden"). There is a finality in the word. Any action barred by "Verboden" cannot be carried out. Then, too, a laudable example of the efficiency of the great machine is shown in the fact that in all Germany there is not one poorhouse, not one orphan asylum. Everyone is kept track of, catalogued, from the time of his birth, and if it is necessary, provided for. This is one of the many things their "Kultur" stands for.

The dictionary defines our word "culture" as the "enlightenment and discipline acquired by mental and moral training." Neither individual nor nation can be truly successful without that "moral training," together with efficiency. England is an example of this culture. But while England has culture and philanthropy, the greatest poverty in the world exists in London, for all the land is owned by a few rich. This makes a large, helpless, dependent class, in which is a warning for us. Another example out of many that could be cited of her lack of efficiency is the fact that there are one million able-bodied men engaged in doing the clerical work of the army because of the red tape—all reports are written in long hand for they do not use our efficient shorthand.

We, as a nation, need more of the efficiency of the one great nation and of the culture of the other both in our schools and in our government.

In education in the old days, culture was the main thing thought of. The children

slaved over Latin, Greek, French, literature and mathematics, without any thought being given to practical preparation for life. Then an education was not so widely appreciated as now. For instance, in a small country town a few generations ago, a farmer's daughter obtained permission from her father to attend the fall term of the academy. At the beginning of the winter term she asked to be allowed to go the rest of the year. Why, yes, her father thought she could, if there was anything she had not studied yet.

Now ideals as well as ideas have changed. The cultural studies are making room for and giving way to the so-called practical studies. One can prepare oneself to earn a living right in our schools—one can study manual training or sewing, cooking and other practical arts, thus acquiring efficiency as well as culture. How much of these have our four years in High School brought us? It depends largely upon ourselves. So far in life we have been mainly receiving. Now it is our turn to begin to take a share in the world's work, to give out instead of taking in, "For there is no happiness in having or in getting, but only in giving."

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Prophecy of the Class of 1916

CHARLES OLNEY

THE feeling that I must go back home to Waltham after many years of absence came to me as I was dressing one morning in a little seven by seven stateroom on the huge "Transcontinental Aeroplane Express." The evening before I had been reading Mazie Vander Wyk's "Herbs and Their Uses." I had bought the book of Gladys Orr at the newsstand in the "Express" station at Adanac. Gladys had a reputation there not unlike Samuel Johnson's Pa. It was said of her that she was so well acquainted with the volumes which she exposed for sale that the express officials thought her an oracle on modern Best Sellers. When I first saw the book on the shelf, I thought that the author's name looked familiar. I am sure now that the author of this book and the Mazie I knew in school are identical, for if I remember correctly, Mazie once wrote a long article in the High School Mirror just to inform us that she could not get an inspiration. My purchase taught me that she is still without one, for the story was so uninteresting that I threw the book over the side of the aeroplane and did not even look to see where it had landed.

I have a habit of going through my pockets if I haven't anything else to do, and as this was my predicament after throwing away my literary purchase, I went carefully and slowly through them, finding, much to my surprise, in my inside pocket a neat unopened envelope. That morning when I asked for my mail at the desk in the Nettor Hotel, Vilma Kittredge handed it to me. Now I had never spoken to her before in my life, that I know of, but since we were both originally from Waltham and because there was no rush at the desk that morning I stayed and had a fine talk with her, much to the plainly evident envy of the many business men who loafed in the lobby. Naturally enough, I asked if there were any Waltham folk staying there.

"Just one," she said, "but Gladys Stevens, Thelma Blakely, Grace Winslow and Alberta Sanderson, under the name of 'The Hard Shell Quartette,' with Delphine Haskins, pianist, were here all last week."

"Thelma is the manager, arranges the program, star soloist, prints the handbills and tickets, makes the tour arrangements, holds the cash and O. K.'s the bills," I ventured.

"All right except one," said Vilma, "she is not the manager. Delphine is."

I had forgotten that Delphine was strongly inclined towards suffragism.

"Had herself appointed to that position?" I asked.

Vilma didn't know or at least the telephone bell rang and she had to answer it. The conversation at this end of the wire was of course disconnected. "Hello—what room-number, please—you say that in walk-

ing across the floor you cut your head on the chandelier?—do you want a doctor?—yes—yes—all right Miss Sewall, I'll attend to it at once."

"If she wants first aid, I can help her," I whispered to Vilma.

Vilma shook her head. "Yes—shall I send a maid?—all right—yes—yes—Goodbye." "And she's got the biggest room in the place," said Vilma, turning to me, "what do you know about that?"

When the doctor came I left. But to get back to the letter. When she gave me my mail the envelope had been among the rest. It was necessary that I read my business mail before I left Adanac, so I had stuffed my personal matter into this pocket, and just like me I had entirely forgotten it. The handwriting was a bit familiar, but I knew by the punctuation that it was from Marion Chapin. It was the first letter I had received from her since I left High School in 1916. You can imagine I quickly opened and read it. Marion had made a good big sum making and selling candy and wanted my advice about investing it in the Waltham Chemical Company, now run, owned and financed by Hon. Charles Burnham of Roberts, who, like his predecessor, Mr. Martin, was strong on politics, chemicals and cockroaches. The letter closed, as most letters do, and to it was added in postscript form, "Podgy French finally graduates next week. Why don't you come to Waltham? This occasion is certainly worth it."

At that moment a door somewhere closed with a bang and an officer in pure white came up to me and asked me if it were I that had just thrown a package overboard. "Sure, Wesley," I said, putting the letter into the envelope and the envelope into my pocket. "Sure I did. What is the harm?"

Gilbert was some surprised to be addressed by his front name, but he recognized me after one long look.

"Hello, Doc," he exclaimed, nearly shaking my hand and arm off as he did so. He always called me 'Doc.' It was my nickname in the 4 B.

MET WIFE AT CORRESPONDENCE AGENCY

"So it was you, was it? Well, I hope there is no harm done, but whenever there is, the courts hold the company responsible. Just last year Lincoln McCullough met his correspondence-agency wife on board here for the first time. She affected him so strongly that he threw a stool at her and, as in his guesses in English, he missed. A week later we got summoned to court. Mabelle Spencer was suing us for $10,000. It seems that the stool unfortunately fell in the tub in which Mabel was washing some lace. And she claimed that she caught cold from the water that was splashed on her, and that the cold ruined her voice. She sang before Judge Pickett and her tones were fierce all right. But I think that it was a put up job. Associate Judge Stone didn't see it that way, and Pickett is deaf in one ear anyway, so she got the money. Since then we have been mighty careful."

While we had been talking, we had been unconsciously walking and we found ourselves in front of his room.

"Come in, Charlie," he said. "There is someone else in here who will be glad to see you."

"Olive," I thought, but I was mistaken.

There were two small bunks in the rooms and on one of them his friend lay sleeping. Wesley woke him and he got up, reached for his cap, grinned at Gilbert and opened the door. "Don't be hasty," Gilbert said to him. "Here is a friend of ours from Waltham."

Jackson recognized me at once, but he only shook hands and hurried off, for, as Wesley explained, Jackson's watch began in one minute and it would not do for him to be late. Gilbert himself had to turn in, so I left him, giving him my card and asking him to write me, once a year or so.

That night I dreamed of school days. O such pleasant visions of past Junior German, astronomy, sleigh rides, and leap year socials! Such nightmares of Latin, typewriting, tests, punctuation, spelling, and Mirror notes! And towards morning such crazy prophetic glimpses of a Miss Sherman, who made herself so conspicuous that she was the talk of the town. Of an Edith Fourtin, who failed in German; of a Mildred Neil, who knew what she wanted to be, and about my friend, Lewie Franklin, who flirted with every girl he met. This last dream was so absurd that it woke me up. Day had arrived and so had New York. I dressed very quickly and so much was my hurry to leave the airship that when I picked up my coat, upside down, all my pencils, pens, diary and one letter fell out. In spite of my hurry it was worth reading again and it was right there that the feeling I first mentioned came over me. I must go back home and I told my face that, as I inspected it in the mirror after shaving.

The twenty-third of June found me hurrying home in my auto. I came all the way from New York over the road and I came in good time—such good time that it nearly cost me twenty dollars. As I came sailing down through Roberts a great big fat policeman who had been scolding his stout wife on the front porch of a certain house saw me and I saw him. Leaving his astonished spouse, he came running out into the road, yelling "Stop!"

Hanging from a trolley pole above this man's head was a sign, "Stop, Look, Listen." This cop had said, "Stop!" I gave him one look and I decided that it was best to listen. Now I hope I am not considered tight, but I did hate to pay a twenty dollar fine, or even a five dollar bribe. I had to do neither, fortunately, for that bluecoat's wife, formerly Helen Donahue, recognized me.

"Why it is Charlie Olney," she shouted, beginning to jump up and down as is her manner when excited. And now, she was so glad to see me that the porch seemed to jump up and down with her. I suppose it is mean to make fun of a benefactor, for that is what she was. She wouldn't let that big brute with the brass buttons even look at my license. "Joe," she said to him, "don't you dare touch that man."

Joe evidently knew the saying, "He is a fool who thinks by force or skill, to turn the current of a woman's will!" He never said another word but disappeared into the house.

Helen had so loudly proclaimed my name that Edna Wilson must have heard her. At any rate she came, announced by her bugle-like laugh, familiar to the physics I C. Right here I made a bad break. I asked Edna if she had voted at the last election; then I got it for fifteen minutes. They talked the theme of suffrage into me. Such arguments as those two got into among themselves. I never had a chance to say a word until they had run out of breath. Then I told them that I must be going. But there was nothing doing until I had gone over to Edna's cute little bungalow and tried some fudge she had just made. I was invited to stay to supper, but I took warning from the fudge. I told her that I intended to eat at home and I left as soon as I could.

CITY HALL NOT CHANGED MUCH

Waltham hadn't changed much in the years I had been away. The Library looked just as it had when I left school. Elizabeth Swift had written me a long letter two years before, apparently to tell me that Phil Graham had made a fortune in investments and had given the city the long wanted High School Annex, but in reality to secure a contribution to the cause of the local Woman's (not Suffrage, because she had been sort of excommunicated from their ranks for trying to run everything)—it was a Woman's Volunteer Militia, I think, that

she wished me to help, and I had hoped that Warren Rice, who I knew had made over a million on a scientific farm in Lincoln, had given us a new City Hall. In this I was disappointed, for Rice, although married to a Waltham girl, had presented his own town with a Library in memory of a history test he had failed in once, or some such touching object. So as I turned down Moody street I saw the same old wart that I knew as a school boy. Even if we didn't have a new City Hall, we had a good grade crossing, the work of Ralph and Nathan Sanderson, civil engineers. I later learned that an electric car had stalled on the old crossing and that twelve had been hurt, and that Henry Colloton, who I remembered as being fond of civics and government at school and who up to that time was a politician such as Goldsmith describes as one—

"Who born for the universe narrows his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.
Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his throat
To persuade Tommy Townsend to lend him his vote."

had been elected Mayor the year before on the issue and had seen the job really put through.

The old block between the railroad and the river was gone and in its place stood a modern hotel. I had told Edna that I intended dining at home, but the neat appearance of the hotel made me hesitate.

"He who hesitates is lost."

Just at that moment who should I see enter but Leonard Tracy. I drew up at the curb and followed him in. He had just finished signing up and when he straightened up I saw that he was as well dressed and as good looking as ever.

"Hello, Tracy," I said, as I tapped him on the shoulder. "How's the boy?"

"O hello, Charlie," he replied, with a start, "I'm fine. What are you doing so far East?"

"Merely taking a vacation and combining it with a High School Graduation," I answered. "Are you going?"

"Not so you would notice it," he said, "I haven't got half enough time as it is. I've got to leave now at six-thirty. Will you eat with me?"

Upon my mentioning graduation, the manager looked up quickly at me and passed me the register and, as soon as I had finished my writing, read the name. Tracy and I passed into the dining room. A small orchestra played in one corner and many waiters, Warren Dearborn among them, passed back and forth across the room. Jones was the head waiter and he made a very dignified one: tall, straight, painfully sober, and dressed in a shiny black dress suit. Unfortunately, Leon's duty required him to look straight ahead; so, although he could see Tracy, I was below his line of vision and I doubt if he knows that I was there at all. He beckoned to Helen Murphy, who could see me all right, and she led us to a table by the window.

As soon as we had given our orders, we began to question each other. I learned that he was running a political paper, Democratic, of course. That he had no matrimonial partner, but that Winnie Vinal helped him in his business. She was necessary, he said, to correct the punctuation and to do all the spelling.

Just as we got to the dessert, a fiddle in the orchestra, which up until now had been so regular that I had forgotten it, gave oh, what a squeak, one that sent the biggest shiver the whole length of my spine. I looked to see who was the originator of this chill. There was a violin, a piano, cornet, and a 'cello. I don't know whether it was Ruth Masters on the big fiddle, or Carl Kristenson on his little one. Seeing Carl there, I looked to see if Elin played the piano, but instead Ruth Spencer did, and she did it well. The girl with the horn I had never seen before. Neither did I recog-

nize the drummer, although it might have been Wilder Coville; but he went West before I even left High School. I tried to catch Carl's eye, but they were all too much embarrassed to look up.

"Good night! Look what's here," whispered Tracy. A most wonderful creation."

WORE UNUSUAL GARB

In blew someone. A woman could probably tell you what this person wore very definitely, but to me it was as if someone had taken a heavy band of black, and some kind of netting, I should say gold fly screening, with small beads pushed through some of the little squares. From the top of this mess a long loop-the-loop feather floated out behind, like joss stick smoke in the light breeze. As for the dress there may have been a waist to the thing, but I couldn't see where. It looked all skirt to me, with jeweled straps over the shoulders to hold it up. It was about five feet in diameter at the bottom, but came above the tops of the crazy looking strap sandals that she wore, and I should think that it was made of crepe paper but it—well, anyway—as Tracy said before, "a wonderful creation."

"Say," whispered Tracy again, "is that Marion Gill, or is it an animated cartoon?"

I gave up right off, but when she laughed then I knew that, alas, alas, it was Marion.

"Six twenty-eight," said Leonard, leaning over and glancing at my wrist watch. "I've got to leave right now. Sorry I can't stay and finish the meal with you. Come into the office some time while you are here." And he was gone.

As the pie course hadn't come I stayed to wait for it. The manager brought it to me herself, and what's more sat down opposite me. She politely asked me if I remembered a Jessie Munroe. I certainly did and I told her so, and soon we were talking about parties we had been to, teachers we had had, and subjects of a more recent date. Jessie told me that she was married and that her husband had built the hotel and the two were running it, and that for a small city they were doing wonderfully well. I was interested to learn that Bertie Eaton was the chef. She laughed when I asked her if he ever blew reveille, mess, tatoo, and taps. "Hardly," she said, "come to think of it, so many mothers didn't raise their boy to be a soldier that there wouldn't be three people in the whole hotel that would know whether it was a railroad train or the Salvation Army at Hall's Corner, anyway. So what would be the use?"

I was by a window that overlooked the Charles and from where I sat the river was unfamiliar. I told Jessie so and she asked me if it wasn't perhaps the absence of the old bath-house by the bridge? She was right, for that was just what was missing.

"The new bath-house is farther up," she said, "and it is a modern affair open the year around. Mose Colon taught the boys and Ruth Broderick the girls with great success last winter. Over two hundred and fifty boys and a hundred and seventy-five girls have been taught to swim.

"Do you intend to remain long in Waltham?"

Upon my answering yes, she told me that if I wanted them I was welcome to a couple of passes to any theatre in town. She thought that I might care to attend the Waltham Theatre because Florence Perry was the proprietress of it now.

"But wasn't she a Scenic fiend?" I asked.

"She was," was the answer, "but is no more."

Florence told Jessie herself that she had been in great doubt as to which would be the better purchase, the Scenic or the Rex, and that after much deliberation, she had decided that the Waltham was the best because the other two were not for sale. When I saw on the billboards that the big feature of the show was an original comedy sketch by Anderson and McQuestion, I for-

tunately found serious engagements which prevented my attending.

I was getting into my car to come home when a paper boy yelled somewhere behind me. Turning around, I saw a newsy whom I felt I had seen somewhere before. Then it dawned upon me that I had never seen this kind before, but that I had seen the features. I wanted one of Tracy's papers but I didn't have a bit of change, so I made a safe bet with the boy. I bet him a nickel I could guess who his mother was. He took me up. "Ada Mendelsohn," I said. He gave me the nickel and I bought a paper.

The Waltham Record was the name of it and it was like a million other small city papers, fairly large headlines.

Miss Ruth Ashley, arrested for disturbing the peace.

Miss Marie Kelley, loses breach of promise suit.

And many more just like it. Sensational news all of it. I didn't bother to read the facts. Inside was a good cartoon by Frank McCabe entitled, "Some Class to Our Modest Shrinking Violet." It pictured a woman marked Miss Cox, who was dressed fit to kill, wearing a dance hall police officer's badge and who was forcefully ejecting through the door of a dance studio labeled "Marjorie's," a wild-eyed, dissipated individual who looked exactly like Bailey. The next page was just one advertisement, "Brown, Stone & Greenleaf, Ladies' Furnishings." Modesty prevented my reading that ad. I folded up the paper, stuck it in my pocket, started my car and was soon home.

Mother let me sleep until ten the next morning and after breakfast I cleaned up my car, filled the tank with father's gasoline and repaired a punctured tire. That afternoon I was taken through the huge plant that had been built on the filled-in swamp at Packard's Cove. Miss Gertrude Taylor was my guide and seemed to know the business very thoroughly. I was surprised at this, for I hadn't remembered her as very mechanical from observation taken at chemistry. All through the shop I never saw another single 1916 person; I told Gertrude so.

"Good reason why," she said, "There are none here except one, and visitors are not usually taken in to see him. Raymond Wiley is the president of this concern."

All I said was "Oh!" But I had courage enough to go up and shake hands with him. He wasn't so awfully terrible, after all. I soon ceased to be a visitor at the factory. I was the guest of the president for the rest of that day. We even went up street in my car and had soda at Wyman's Red Cross Pharmacy (Lloyd never went to Tech, there was more profit in soda and cigars.)

When I was a Senior in school I used to drive our car to school every morning, yet in spite of all this I entirely forgot the bad corner at Chestnut street and consequently that night I burst a front tire in the mudguard of a pretty fine limousine. There were three in the car beside the chauffeur; one an extremely striking looking woman, the others were so crouched up that I could not see their features. None of them said a word, nor did they get out. I think they were too scared to speak and too stout to move about. Not so the chauffeur. Say, perhaps that dapper young sprite didn't fume and dance. He couldn't swear because of his passengers, but I know he wanted to. I have seen Raymond Kennedy dance before, more gracefully, perhaps, but never so energetically as he did now. He was so angry that I never let on that I knew him. The ladies looked safe, at least, I felt they wouldn't hit me. I gave the haughty one my card, she looked at it, read it, and I know she knew me, but society had placed her upon a plane far above my modest stratum. Ethel Janes, whom I had known well since the first grade, would not lower herself to speak to me. One of the others who looked up long enough for me to notice her "brilliant characteristic"

started to speak, but the freezing look Ethel directed at me gave Amy either a hint not to, or a chill so bad she could not. The third one, Miss Hammond, was crying, scared or something, and she couldn't have spoken if she had wanted to do so.

The accident had drawn a crowd and the crowd, of course, a policeman. In fact very much of a policeman, speaking altitudinately. I knew that it was Henry Jackson the minute I saw his necktie (ask the I B division what the original color was). It was so faded now that I couldn't tell.

"All over, Henry," I said, as I stowed the tools under the seat and dusted myself off, "Going down town?"

PARTNER IN MARKET

Henry was. So I took him along. From him I learned that Ethel, now Mrs., some name I don't remember, was a pretty big bug in the small social basket of Waltham. I learned that Irving Garfield had become partner of the Janes Bros.' market and practically ran the business, but that he had fallen far short of any partnership with Ethel herself.

Henry, policeman-like, wished to get at what I had known as Flannery's store. "Rutter and Towne," it was now, so Henry said. He explained to me that Rutter had failed as editor of a country paper, which Melville Hayden printed, probably due more to the fact that there were but three unmarried ladies in the town than to any lack of literary ability, but that he was a financial success as a tobacco merchant and a political success as a ward heeler. Towne, who had fallen heir to his father's news store, had gone into partnership with him and they were doing fine, so Henry said, for if any one burned his mouth with Rutter's strong cigars he could cool it off with Prospect Hill spring water.

Just as I started to come away, I thought of some letters I wanted to mail and I asked him to do me a favor by dropping them in the post box. Henry said he was glad to do it.

"You see," he said, "Paul is postmaster now. McGillivray was, but the Democrats went out of power in Washington and the Republican Paul is the latest appointment."

I was interested in this, but time was flying.

"Well, so long Henry. I must be going," I said, and I left, but I didn't get very far.

I stopped at Janes' to see Garfield. Miriam Rand was the only one in the office and she told me that Irving was away for that week.

"I guess I can't see him then," I said.

"Guess you can't," said Miriam.

At one of the meat counters a short stout woman was arguing with the clerk.

"Yes," she said, "that may be, but this meat is for a very sick patient, and I want just what I ask for."

"All right, Miss Frost," replied the clerk, have your say." Then he saw me.

"Hello, Olney, what are you doing around here?"

'Oh, hello Eddie, I'm looking for Garfield," I said.

"He is not here," said Reitchel.

"I know it," I said, "I've just been talking to your bookkeeper. You work here?

"Sure thing," said he, "What do you think I'm doing, loafing?"

"Oh, no," I said, "You're no loafer, only I expected to find you a bookkeeper like Miriam, not a clerk."

"A bookkeeper like—what can I do for you, ma'am?" and my friend disappeared into the cold storage chest while I hiked out of the door.

By this time I had to be getting over to the school if I wished to be on time.

"No more stops now, old girl," I whispered to the horn button, as I fondly stroked the throttle back and forth producing those lovely roars and snorts that are the boon to the owner of an eccentric automobile. But I was wrong. At Central

Square I picked up Marguerite Eaton and Doris Cathcart. As I slowed down and turned into Main street I nearly ran over their toes, not because their feet were long, but because I cut my corner short. I did a very ungentlemanly thing. I yelled out to them,

"Going over to the school?"

They were polite. They nodded.

"Get in," I said, opening the door.

Neither of them was tickled to death to squeeze in there beside me, but it was a hot night and I guess the thought of a cool ride seemed good.

"You're living on the South Side?" I asked Marguerite.

"Yes," she said, "Right up near where I used to live when I went to the Orange street school."

"That was some crowd that played together then," I suggested.

She gave me a look. Doris was getting interested, so I changed the subject by referring to a pretty diamond ring Doris had on her finger. That started her to talking. We felt much safer.

Now my car was no Ford, but neither was it made for three in the front seat, but honestly I enjoyed that short ride from Central Square about ten thousand times as much as the fairly long ride with Henry Jackson, which is saying a lot. As we turned down Liberty street the old High School was all lighted up.

"What's the idea?" I asked Doris.

"Night school," answered Marguerite.

"But what is it all lighted up for, Marguerite?"

"Oh, because," says Doris, "that's because the city couldn't afford two high schools. They are making one do double duty. Freshman, Sophomore, daytimes; Juniors and Seniors nights. They have two teachers for each study. For example, Elin Larsen teaches music to the Freshmen and Sophomores, and Elsa Hedman teaches the rest. Margaret Perry isn't a school teacher as much as she wanted to be, but she is night principal; the day official was a man whose name I was not familiar with."

LIKED TO WATCH CHICKENS AND COW

Often during my Freshman year, when I got sick and tired of Latin, which was most of the time, I loved to watch a certain cow and many chickens that roamed in the low field, that I could see from my seat by the window in Room 4. Now that was all gone and here stood the new Annex. A two-story building, beautifully illuminated. Elizabeth had described the building very briefly in her letter and I had read Miss Hoffses' description of it in a Boston paper, but both were very indefinite, as I suppose all women's descriptions of buildings in the making are.

The grounds were not entirely cleaned up at that time. From one of the numerous piles of scrap boards, laths, plaster, etc., some kid had fished out a sign and stood it up in a lime barrel and then evidently pelted it with mud balls. I could make out this much of it: "All the interior decorations in this building were designed by Mrs. Florence K——(mud covered the new name), Expert Decorator." If my passengers hadn't been there I would have gone over and satisfied my curiosity as to who her husband was. But they were there, so we just went in.

The two girls had seen the place before, so they went right upstairs to the big Assembly Hall. I explored the two downstairs gymnasiums in company with Kazy Rogers, who also had not been through the building before. We talked not of cabbages and kings, but of H. G. L. and other things. She wasn't a minister's wife, after all; in fact, wasn't married, but she had hopes. She expected a certain Christmas present that coming December. As we walked about I had a feeling that someone was missing. Then it dawned on me.

FOOTBALL SQUAD

"Where's Catherine Eaton? It—I was going to say ain't, but I remembered a "balling out" a schoolmate of mine got once for saying that—"It isn't natural to see you without her.

"Oh," said Kazy, "she moved West. Out in Minnesota, somewhere near Anna Olson, on a large wheat farm. We had a little tiff before she left, so she won't write to me. Consequently I don't know a thing about her except"—and then Kazy told me more about Miss Eaton than I know about my best friend.

As we were walking up the stairs to the hall above the orchestra began to play the processional. The Seniors were coming up the stairs behind us. The seats were all full on both sides of us, so Miss Rogers and I led the Senior class down the center aisle. Our only escape was through the small door on the side of the platform. We went in. It was very hot in the little room and besides the room was occupied. Cornwell, the soloist, Turner of the School Committee and Decker, who used to lead the devotional part of the exercses, were sitting there studying their notes, I guess. In fact I'm sure they were, for they referred to them continuously during the exercise, at least Decker did. Spurgeon thinks that "some ministers would make good martyrs they are so dry they would burn well." I heard it said that Decker was so dry that he even absorbed the perspiration of his audience. I didn't hear him myself. I was so hot that instead of staying upstairs, I went down into the boys' gym and took a shower bath. I didn't see Podgy graduate at all. I could have stayed under that shower all night, but when I heard the clapping I knew that the longest part of the graduation was over. So when the grand finale began, I was just as cool and slick as could be, standing in the door, watching the various types that passed. I really pitied some of them, their wilted collars and bored expressions.

There were a great many that came in autos and one person in an aeroplane, a girl, or rather a woman. I was standing near Edith Daniell, who was talking to Mildred Neil.

"Who's that with the funny looking rig getting into the aeroplane?" I asked her.

Miss Edith gave the person a bored sidewise look and gave me what I call the Carmen shrug.

"Search me," she said.

So I stepped over to where Mrs. (used to be McQueen) and Elsie Irwin were talking together.

"Who's the bird woman?" I asked them.

"It is Miss Leger," they whispered. "She does that just to show off. Ever since school she's been doing reckless stunts. Not for the movies, either, but just to attract attention."

I thanked them for their answers and went nearer the machine. It was a very modern type and I saw that it had a Ware automatic equilibrator. I was wondering if the inventor of this device was Robert Ware. I think now that it was. I have heard him invent pronunciations of words in English and he was handy in physics. I am strongly of the opinion that it was the child of his brain.

I slipped under a stay to look more closely at the engine. "Look out," shrieked Alice Manning, who happened to be at the wheel of a speedy roadster nearby. With a terrible roar the blame thing started, knocking me flat on my back in the school yard. Fortunately there were very few remaining who saw my discomfiture. I was just dirty, not hurt.

Now my interest in the aeroplane was just an excuse to wait around there. The truth is, I wanted to take a certain someone home. I won't say who, but I guess during my investigation and fall that someone got past me. However, I couldn't let a little thing like that bother me, so I went inside the building. The janitor, or

better, engineer, Hogan Jenson, was just putting out the lights. The darkness sent the few remaining spectators hurrying out past me. Ronkanen, with a broad grin on his face, a blonde girl on his arm, and a band ring on his finger hurried past. I saw Margaret Whittemore and her husband, no one I knew, and Marion Moore go by.

"Say, Marion," I called after her. "Want a ride home?" They stopped, all three, and after a brief consultation they said, "Yes."

"I hadn't expected all of them, but I wasn't phased. The two girls sat with me while Mr. —I was introduced to him but I have forgotten the name now, rode on the running board. I took the Mr. and Mrs. home first, not because I wanted a longer ride with Marion, but because I knew I should have one. I got one all right. Margaret told me a street in Wayland that she lived on. It was a new one to me, but Marion volunteered to tell me the way. I have a suspicion that Marion liked the ride immensely. She took me over about 15 miles of road and used up two hours of time to get to what I knew as Wayland Center.

As we left, I saw that Marion looked worried. I guessed the cause, but I didn't say anything about it. Later Marion thought of it.

"Charles Olney," she said, "we haven't got a chaperone. I'm going back to Margaret's to stay."

I may have been very rude, but we didn't go back. "Gladys Hartley lives near here," I suggested. "We might get her."

"That's not sense."

But I changed the subject. "Are you thirsty? I am," and I drew up at a dark tea room. "All gone to bed, I guess," I said to Marion, "but I'll try and see if I can wake somebody."

I gave the brass knocker an awful whack. A night-capped head protruded from an upstairs window.

"What is it?" a meek voice asked.

There was something strangely familiar in the face above, if the hair was covered.

"Can we get something to drink here?" I asked, having stepped from the piazza to get a clear view of the speaker above.

The head disappeared and after a few minutes' wait Nellie Jackson served us with ice cold Russian tea. My, it was delicious. I drank two glasses and Marion, who had not taken a shower bath as I had, drank three. Nellie didn't recognize us. I didn't want her to. I passed Marion off as my wife. This was true in a way. She had been for one minute in a play once, but that had been years ago. But then Nellie didn't know the difference. Marion finished her three glasses before I finished my two and she went out to the car. I followed as soon as I had paid the hostess. The ride was now more comfortable in that there was enough room. The stars were out and Marion found many of them that we knew. I had to look ahead and not up, so I saw none of them at all.

When we got almost into Weston, we came upon a sad sight. Two automobiles smashed into kindling lay by the road, with a policeman guarding them. I stopped and asked him if I could be of any help.

"No," he said, "those that had been hurt had already been taken to Waltham."

"Who was it, anyway?" Marion asked him. He didn't know exactly and he spun out a long story. In brief, Carl Ellis and Martin Burckes and a fellow the girls called "Blondy," but whom the boys called "Cliff" and who he guessed owned the car, had been traveling the Primrose pathway, or better, the Weston road, with both too much speed and too much girls, Miss Stankard, Miss Keaney and

Miss McGoldrick, to be definite, had unconsciously smashed into the rear of Natalie Thompson's car with the unfortunate result that Natalie could get nothing but insurance, if there was any from what was left. No one was killed, but Ellis, who was the worst of the lot, had broken his arm and nose.

"Well," said Marion, "if we can't be of any use here, let's not stay."

The rest of the way she made me go very slowly and extremely carefully. I don't know whether she was afraid of my getting spree like from the Russian tea or not. At any rate, I went slow to please her.

Just as we got to the Stony Brook station we met Mary Gately and Blennid Concannon walking towards Weston. Marion explained to me that Blennid was the Helen Holmes of the Stony Brook station (Blennid liked Brook stations, I guess) and that she lived in Weston with Mary, who keeps a big boarding house.

Marion didn't live upon Ash street as I thought. She had moved to the Hines Block, a fine, tall apartment house, built by the departed husband of Gertrude Hines, but named for that short little person herself. It was so late by that time that I did not remain long. As soon as she went in I left. When I got home, I found the house locked up. I naturally had no key, being home only on a visit and I hated to wake the folks. I tried every window in the downstairs floor, and the front, back and cellar doors, but to no avail. From my bedroom window a drapery waved tantalizingly out at me. There was a light in Georgie Flagg's house across the street so I went over there, not to stay all night, but to borrow a ladder. It was a double house and I did not know whether George lived at the door to the left or the right. I rang the bell on the left and waited five minutes. Nobody came. I rang the right and waited two minutes. A woman opened the door. "George's wife," I thought, but I wasn't sure, for she opened the door only a little way. It was Doris Stanley.

"Good morning, Doris," I said. It was two minutes past one. "Does George Flagg live in this house?"

"Yes," she said, "but Mr. Flagg is not at home."

"When will your husband be back?" I asked.

She stiffened right up.

"You have made a mistake, Sir," she said, and closed the door in my face.

I lit a match and looked for the name plate. There was none. I read the one on the right. Mr. George Flagg. I rang his bell again, but no one answered.

"No use to try further" I thought to myself. So I curled up on the auto seat, and I slept for ten minutes. Night Patrolman Healey had the beat that took in our street. When I came to, a black bearded ruffian was shaking me nearly out of the car.

"Come on; none of your resistance," he was saying. "You're a healthy looking specimen, I don't think."

I made Frank out in spite of the bristles.

" 'Smatter, Doc?" I asked.

Doc became apologetic at once.

"Honest, Charlie," he said, " I thought you were drunk. What are you sleeping out like this for?"

"Necessity," I replied. "I can't get in and I don't want to wake the folks. Do you know where I can borrow a ladder?"

"Man alive," he said, "don't stay out here all night. Go over to the station and they will give you a cot."

I started my car and was about to leave when the auto truck of the Electric Light Co. stopped at the street light in front of the house. Clarkson was the driver of it and he lent me a ladder. At exactly one seventeen I pulled up the cov-

ers and went to sleep and did not wake until Geoffrion, our postman, rang the bell the next morning. When I got down stairs there was a package for me, about six by nine by one and a half and it bore a Canadian stamp. I opened it and found a battered copy of Mazie's book and an explanatory letter from Phila Mills. "This book," she wrote, "fell on the front walk a month ago and it nearly hit Lola Nelson, who is living with me while she recuperates from her last sickness A postcard addressed to you was inside, probably for a book mark. Write me whether or not it is yours and tell me something about Waltham," and then the letter went on and told of the beautiful Saskatchewan Spring, Lola's returning health and ending with an invitation to all 1916 people to come to visit her if they ever passed through or sailed over her country.

Class History, 1916

HELEN HOFFSES

FIFTH AVENUE was gloriously arrayed in the fashions of early summer, and Broadway, blazing with light and color, announced the latest "Follies." But it was not the lure of the "Great White Way" that had brought me from my home to little old New York. Indeed, as I sat down to rest in Central Park, I could not at first recall just why I had come. Then I remembered.

The cause of my appearance in the great Metropolis had been an anonymous invitation urging me, a former member of Waltham High School, class of 1916, to attend an anniversary performance at the greatest motion picture theatre in New York. Furthermore, as a member of the glorious class of 1916, I was entitled to a reserved seat in the balcony for the munificent sum of one jitney. Was it any wonder that I hastened on my way with little thought of sightseeing in New York?

Upon reaching my destination, I gazed in awe and admiration at the magnificent theatre and then—my eye fell upon the owner's name in blazing letters, and I no longer wondered as to the writer of that anonymous invitation.

I had long ago heard that Mr. Ward had given up the lot of the poor school-teacher for a more lucrative position in that field of his one-time delight, the moving pictures, but until now I had not realized to what fame he had risen. I was debating upon the subject when I heard a stentorian voice issuing orders from the lobby, and I hastened inside to greet my former English instructor, Mr. Ward. He was directing the raising of posters announcing as the next day's thrilling masterpiece, "The Horrible Hallucinations of Helen" in twenty-three reels, and well-knowing how stupendous his task, I passed on, taking my place in the gallery just in time to read the title of a special four-reel production, "The History of the Class of Nineteen Sixteen." At that moment the orchestra struck up. "The Wearing of the Green," but the music was drowned by such a rousing cheer that I looked about me, half expecting to see "the team" coming trotting onto the stage; instead I heard a chorus of familiar voices, and turning, recognized scores of friends and classmates.

There was scarcely time for greetings before our attentions were drawn to the screen and we saw ourselves as others had seen us, on a certain September morning in the year nineteen-twelve. Such angelic innocence as was pictured in those 214 faces! "And the Green Grass Grew All Around," proclaimed the orchestra, most appropriately. Truly the grass had been green that morning, but of the mildest tint compared with the greenness of that freshman band.

We had left our homes, stiffly immaculate in our gingham dresses or consciously proud of our first long trousers. We left with eager steps and scornful glances at such of those sophomore friends as had magnanimously offered to "see that we got there safely!"

And then we had arrived, had tried to saunter unconcernedly about among our friends in the upper classes until, totally ignored by dignified seniors, humiliated by condescending juniors and tortured beyond endurance by "those worse than senseless things," the sophs, we had crept back to home and mother, chastened but by no means subdued.

No wonder we had had in our hearts a feeling of genuine sympathy for Miss Whiting and Mr. Tonkin, who joined our teaching force about this time.

We recalled the many horrifying blunders of those first days of school, remembered how we girls had searched distractedly for our coats in the boys' dressing-room, and how we had been warned from the public press not to appear upstairs in bloomers. How many times we had mistaken our study periods for recitations, or, worse still, had sauntered absently into a class-room filled with grinning sophomores! But these embarrassing mistakes had become less frequent as time went on.

And as the days had passed, so passed the pictures on the screen before us. Once again we saw the assembly hall as it had first appeared to our wondering eyes. We saw, too, the line of fidgeting unfortunates, who, having missed the "rush seats," stood with flaming cheeks and down-cast eyes before the scrutiny of the upper classmen.

Then came a change of scene and we started with delight as we saw ourselves within the peaceful confines of Room 5. It was a Special Help period and everyone was bending over his books. To be sure, all were not text-books, but silence reigned, and that was saying a great deal for Room 5.

Then all of a sudden, the silence broke,
As an aeroplane flew down;
And no one knew from whence it came
Save innocent "Bingo" Towne.

At that moment the figures seemed to diminish in size and we realized that Mr. Hodge had fixed his eagle eye upon the culprit,—hence the shrinkage.

We next saw a view just outside the room, where Marion Gill and Mildred Neill were receiving "special help" from two manly sophomores. At sight of this familiar scene, someone whispered, "Special Help—them was the happy days!" And the words were echoed by a reminiscent sigh.

Just then the recess bell sounded and as we saw the little group who remained at their desks, we could almost hear Elliot Rutter hum softly, "The hours I spent with thee, Mr. Hodge."

The next picture called to mind those happy periods spent with Miss Seabury in the mastering of Latin verbs, while a moment later the scene changed, and as we heard a familiar voice inquire—"plus or minus?" some of us shuddered, remembering our Waterloo.

At this juncture was shown most appropriately, a group of cheerful faces whose very optimism proclaimed them members of the famous "Bone-head" Division with "slow but sure" its motto. It was said that the loss, at promotion time, of a large majority of this class was the cause of Miss Frost's resignation the following year. And when we think of the delight and amusement afforded our teachers by the "boneheads," we wonder that all did not resign.

Fortunately, however, they did not, for what a calamity it would have been had we missed the study of physics and Mr. Burke's jokes! The next flash on the screen brought to mind the time that Charlie Olney had bequeathed to our physics class a magnificent, though slightly worn, green silk petticoat, to be used for experiments, since our teacher agreed that "education should come before the Salvation Army."

The succeeding picture, showing our Freshman basket-ball team, led by Captain "Doc" Healey, occasioned a class cheer, for we well remembered those who had brought us from obscurity into fame by winning the championship of the school.

And then we saw ourselves on a warm morning in June, scanning our final report cards with sighs of relief. What if a certain mark brought horrible visions of summer study? Vacation had come and freshman days were over.

"End of Reel I—Part II will follow immediately," read the notice which was followed by the sophomore ode:

Breathes there a Soph with swelled-up head
Who never to himself hath said,
"Good-bye to books, study is o'er,
For now I am a Sophomore?"

The first picture was welcomed with applause as we recognized our president, Raymond Wiley; vice-president, Katherine Rogers, and Phila Mills, secretary and treasurer. We remembered those first class-meetings, the choosing of our colors, blue and gold, and other momentous questions, settled after great debate.

The next picture showed the hall gay with crepe paper, and for a second we wondered. Then we heard a burst of music, saw a row of shivering maidens who studied the decorations with great concern, trying not to notice the absence of the boys who were assembled in a corner of the corridor just outside.

Then we knew why 'twas we missed them,
Understood the vacant chair,
When the music played for dancing,
Not a Soph'more boy was there!

Perhaps they were uncomfortable in their best clothes; maybe they were only bashful when it came to dancing. At any rate they appeared in full array at a character party held later on, and everybody enjoyed a good time.

The next picture was full of "punch." Scene: the gym at one-thirty with floor, window-sills and apparatus swarming with girls who watched, with gasps of admiration and squeals of delight, a heart-thrilling boxing match. How well we remembered it all! Remembered, too, the issuing later on of that terrible decree announcing "no admittance to ladies" and the succeeding period of deepest gloom.

With the next flash on the screen we left these social gatherings for that scene of unsurpassed gaiety, Room 10. Here, under the sovereignty of Miss Gage, were assembled a group of meek and decorous maidens who, at first glance, seemed to be engaged in a writing lesson. As the figures became more distinct, however, we realized that this was no ordinary class, but a band of budding geniuses with poetry its theme. Then it was that we recognized, in the center of the group, a bashful Freshman youth, whose very ears radiated blushes, and we knew that "Bobby" must be absorbing Blenid's latest effusion.

Visions of Room 10 recalled our first year of German and the many amusing mistakes in translation. We remembered the "sehr krank Grossmutter" whom we had accused of being "very cranky" and since one's health is said to influence one's disposition, perhaps we had not been far from wrong. Then, too, we had been quite sure that a boob sat on the stump until Miss Hoffman had explained that it was only a boy, after all! And, again, perhaps we were not far from wrong.

In the next picture we saw the chemistry laboratory, looking so natural that we could almost smell hydrogen sulphide and hear Helen Donahue shriek with anticipation of an explosion every time a bottle was opened.

Following this scene the curtain was blank for a second, then came a notice announcing a short intermission. And as the lights flashed on I heard a voice exclaim, "Isn't it great?" and I agreed that it certainly was!

"Do you know," continued my neighbor, "I shall never forget the good time we had in Miss Hall's room. Once we had a grab-bag and as usual Mr. Burke was the lucky person. He certainly drew the prize and I haven't a doubt but that he treasures it now!

"Many of those who enjoyed Latin joined the Concilium, but at mention of dues, the boys fled, and we girls were left to deliberate in peace. Toward the end of the year we enjoyed a trip to Hardy's Pond, where, with a rare exhibition of dramatic art, we presented "Pyramus and Thisby."

"And do you remember the day of the circus parade?"

Did I remember the day when, feign to return at the close of recess, we had lingered to watch the parade? Did I remember? Why I could actually hear the steam organ, but even more realistic was the memory of Mr. Goodrich, who waited at the head of the stairs to welcome us upon our return!

And so were reminiscences exchanged until, almost before we realized it, intermission was over and we were living again our year as wise and witty Juniors.

Surely times had changed since we were children. No longer did we smile complacently when we "just got by." For there had been a change in marks, and in place of our beloved "passable," had come a "C," which might mean "fair" or something nearer the new afternoon sessions. And so, with a dignity befitting our position, those of us who still remained in the ranks of 1916 had buckled down to hard work at the very beginning.

And as if to prove this statement, the first picture showed a class of would-be stenographers whose highest aim was to write notes in shorthand as easily as they could then rattle them off on their typewriters.

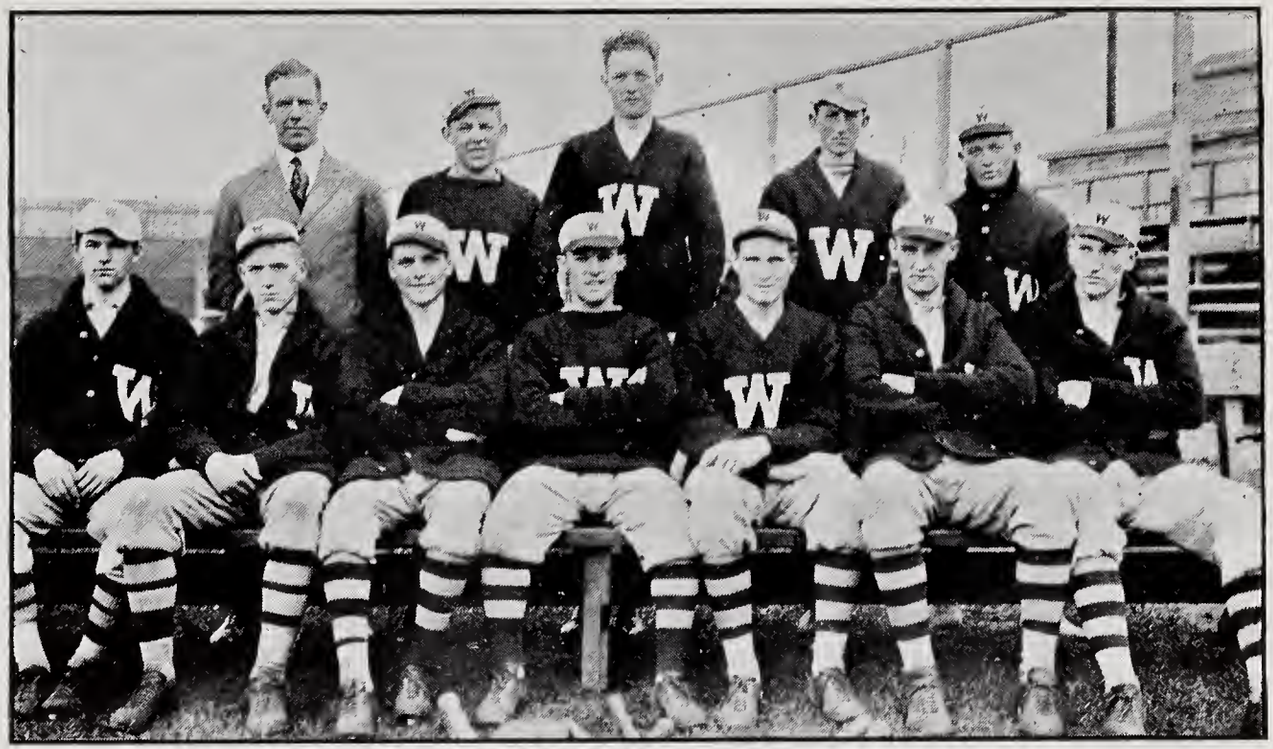
A moment later, we saw, apparently a group of Alpine mountain climbers, but at second glance we knew it was merely the botany class ascending Bear Hill with Miss Pratt, our leader, forging on ahead, while poor "Hammy," puffing like a steam engine, brought up the rear. It was a dreadful hill, but we had felt repaid when we reached the top and watched Ethel and Marie make the laborious climb.

But we had not been the only ones affected by the coming spring. A few of the boys had made a vacation visit to Westminster and after their return, "String" Jones had been somewhat subdued. But whether this was caused by close sleeping quarters or a diet of doughnuts and water we never found out.

Another glimpse of Room 10 brought to mind our study periods (if such they could be called) for how could we be expected to study when the Sophomore Tech division was ever ready to provide amusement, free of charge?

A change of picture recalled the election of our class officers, Raymond Wiley, Marjorie Eccles and Phila Mills, and shortly after this, an event of universal interest, our first barn party. We saw again Raymond McQuiston, fresh from the hay fields, as he captured the hearts of the country maidens in their charming sunbonnets.

Then came a change of scene and we were assembled in the hall on a certain Friday morning waiting for that ordeal of our Junior year—declamations. Our oratorical outbursts of the preceding year had been confined to our home rooms, but this year we had gathered, with palpitating hearts, about the bulletin board, wishing fervently for initials outside the scope of the English alphabet. Thanks to Mr. Burke, however, our dooms were sealed and one by one we were led to the slaughter. But, oh, the joy when "the deed was done" and we joined the grinning audience with sighs of relief! How well we remembered the commotion in the front row when Thelma Blakely, with dramatic realism, had proceeded to draw



BASE BALL TEAM

her "dear little dagger!" And the time of the earthquake! Or at least we had thought the shaking of the room was due to that until we had seen Nathan Sanderson's wobbling knees! And with the solving of the mystery, we had decided that Nathan deserved a medal.

Once again we saw Room 5, but in place of the simple Freshmen of long ago, the pride and joy of Mr. Hodge—his Junior history class. And with this picture came visions of dates, wholly unlike any dates we had known, in that they began about the year 55 B. C. and continued through the 18th century. Yes, indeed, we remembered those dates!

With the passing of this scene came one of intense excitement. By the heated arguments and violent gestures we knew it to be a class meeting, but when—? And then we remembered the assembly that had met to decide upon the matter of dress for that great affair of our third year, the Junior Prom. We witnessed a stirring controversy between McCullough, champion of the dress suit, and those of the opposite sex who favored the more democratic middy blouse. Heard sighs of relief from some of the boys and threats to come in a middy just the same from a number of girls as the vote for an informal affair was passed. And then, with the next picture came the great night when we had gathered to entertain the Seniors. We recalled the scene at Nutting's-on-the-Charles, beautifully decorated by Philips Graham and his committee. We remembered how we had listened to the Prophecy and History of the graduating class, and then feeling rather "lost" in the great hall, we had decided to dance. And so the evening had gone, and before we realized it, we were saying 'goodnight" and our Prom was over.

As to the proceeds, well, we had planned to build a new City Hall until we had heard the financial report. Then we had decided that a jitney ride for the committee would be more appropriate.

With the passing of this picture, reel 4 was announced and we reviewed our Senior year. At last, realizing our highest ambitions, we had occupied the front seats in the Assembly Hall as sedate Seniors, represented by President Raymond Wiley, Vice-President Katherine Rogers; Phila Mills, Treasurer, and Lincoln Turner, Auditor.

Our class organized, we had assumed a dignity of bearing calculated to astonish the lower classes, but, strange to say, our teachers had not been suitably impressed.

The first few days had been very warm, quite too warm for studying, as some of the boys had told the Mayor. But although His Honor had agreed, the faculty had not, much to our regret.

As our attentions were again drawn to the screen, we fancied ourselves in gay Paree. To be sure, we could not hear the voluble outbursts that echoed throughout the room, but the blissful expression upon those faces told us that we were viewing our French class in Room 14. We remembered the proverb: "Ne reviellez un chat qui dorme" and how disappointed we had been to find that it referred to ordinary felines rather than sleeping sharks. Now and then our French class had been amused by members of the Tech division who very considerately fell out of their chairs or performed other acrobatic stunts for our benefit.

Our first social of the year was brought to mind by the following picture, taken at our Hallowe'en Party, held on October 28th.

And then the scene was changed. And such a change! We saw the Athletic Field and heard again the cry, "Win boys or die," as Captain Richardson led his team to battle for "the fame of Waltham High." To be sure, there had been one-time when the score-boards announced defeat, but if such a game were counted lost, then 'twas a glorious defeat! The one disappointment of this successful season had been Coach

Dame's resignation. We recalled the subsequent protests which had turned to sighs of regret as we saw him depart for Lynn. Then, shouting, "The king is dead, long live the king!" we had welcomed Mr. Fradd, coach of the future champions.

We remembered our Senior Dance, held on November 29th, with Karl Kristenson in charge. Many of us had invited friends and this first great social event of our Senior year was recalled with keen delight.

As the next picture flashed before us we were quite dazzled and for a second we could not account for the brilliancy. Then the mystery was solved as we recognized a group of "stars of the first magnitude" shining in astronomy. In this class we had discussed everything from Woman's Suffrage to the packing of roquefort cheese, which perhaps explains the intellectual display!

But as the scene changed to the civil government class, we were totally eclipsed by Ronkannen and as we hear him recite, "the more the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he knew."

A picture showing the girls' basket-ball team called to mind our indoor sports and the thrilling games between Emeralds and Optimistics, Federals and Columbias.

With the coming of the new year we had welcomed the first number of the "Mirror," which had appeared later than usual, but up to the literary standard of previous years. We had also welcomed the first copy of the "Perconzo-Hinkook," edited by Mabelle Spencer. Well had it been said of this publication, "A short life, but a glorious one!"

The next event of interest to us as Seniors had been a Leap Year Party, in charge of the girls. To be sure, there had been many a bashful, fluttering heart, and some of us had preferred to keep old maids' hall rather than go through the ordeal. But from the way the boys enjoyed the evening, we felt sure that Elin Larson and her committee had shown them what a real social was like!

In the next picture we saw our English class with its air of "charming indifference." A board notice in yellow chalk told us that it was "bargain day, with special mark-downs for words wrong in spelling." Business was rushing, but Tracy was ahead of us all. Strange how Lennie did shine at bargain sales!

And so the days had passed, reminding us that our year as Seniors was drawing to a close. We had heard with satisfaction the awarding of class parts and the next picture to flash before us showed Margaret Perry, Valedictorian, and Gladys Orr, Salutatorian of our class.

Meanwhile, Charles Olney and his committee had selected as our Senior Play, "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace," a comedy in four acts, and after weeks of rehearsal under the direction of Coach McCullough, the Senior Play had been presented as only the class of 1916 could present it. No wonder we cheered as a picture of the cast was flashed upon the screen, for even now, we remembered with pride "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace."

Following this picture came an indistinct blur. The curtain danced before my eyes and I turned to my neighbor for an explanation. But my classmates had vanished! The theatre, too, had disappeared, and I sat alone in Central Park, trying to realize that it had all been only a dream and that this was May 26, 1916, the day of the Junior Prom.

Even as I remembered I hailed a passing taxi and a few moments later I was aboard the noon express bound for home and the Junior Prom.

And so tonight we have gathered, as guests of the class of 1917, for the last social affair of our school life.

A few short days before graduation, and then we shall separate to the varied callings and allotments of life. But as we part, let us not forget the friendships and the privileges of these four years. And on the field of life as well as on the football field, let us

Stick to it, boys, play the game, every man;
Fight it to a finish,—do the best that we can;
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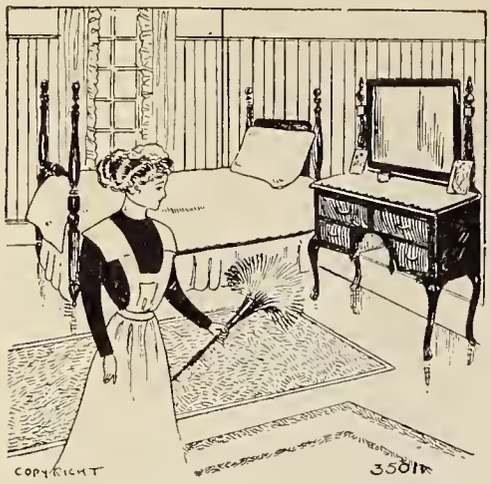

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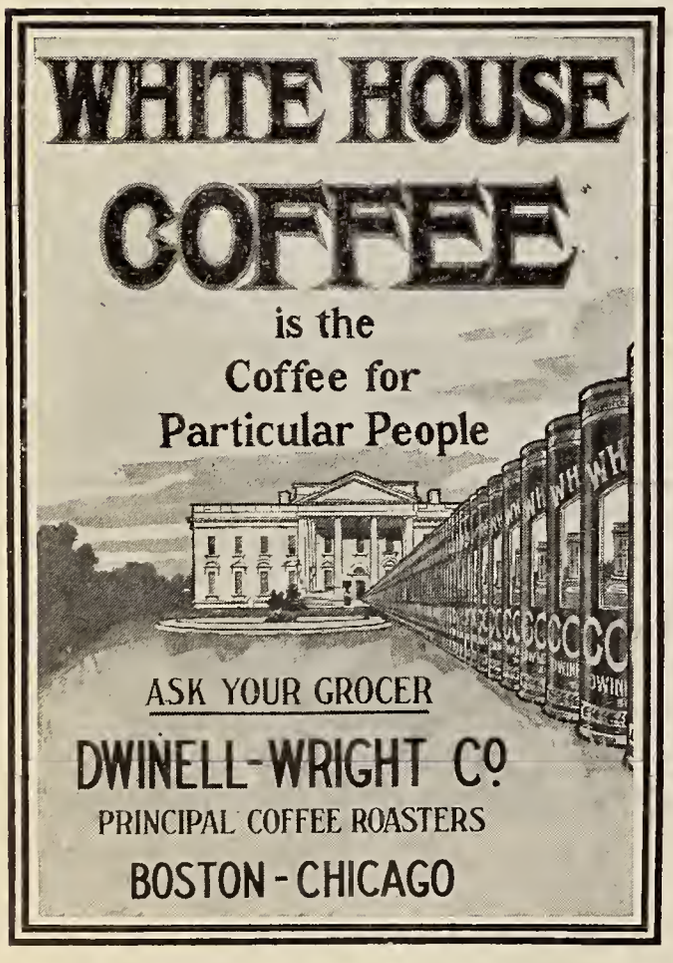

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